

Hurricane Hargrove by Yuri4Gwen

Series: [Are We Really Happy With This Lonely Game We Play \[3\]](#)

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Summary:

Steve can't get Billy Hargrove out of his mind but they only meet up at parties when Steve is drunk and afterwards all he's left with is a hangover and an obvious bruise on his neck.

Steve finally decides it's time to change the rules, Billy Hargrove isn't that great.

Right?

Hurricane Hargrove

Author's Note:

Sequel to [Bruising For A Fight](#)

My Tumblr for my stories if you want to say Hi
[Edith-Moonshadow](#)

Un-betaed so please excuse all my mistakes.

Steve felt completely disoriented like he'd just gone the distance in a boxing match but instead of blood, a busted lip, or a black eye his skin tingled with the remnants of pleasure and his body was covered in teeth marks. He walked into the kitchen to get a drink so that he could calm his frayed nerves as he moved, his muscles strained and he moaned softly as he felt the ghost of Billy's fingers digging in his thighs.

The kitchen was full of other drunk people laughing and talking and it took him a few tries to get through them and reach the drinks table. He poured himself a small glass of vodka gasping as it burned its way down his raw throat, his mind supplied him with his begging voice, so desperate and needy asking Billy for so much.

He bumped into Betty from school, she was talking animatedly with Ryan from the basketball team who gave him a small nod of acknowledgement but Betty in her drunken state turned to him with inquisitive eyes and she asked him something about Nancy. He looked around wondering where Nancy had got to when his mind went completely blank as he felt the first trickle of Billy's come beginning to run down his thigh. He bit his lip until he tasted a little warm coppery blood run in between his teeth. He could hear Billy's sharp voice whisper against his skin 'how dirty you can be for me.'

He started to feel a little warm like the air had become thick and

humid and Betty's incessant chatter melted away in the fog of his mind. All he could hear was all dirty things that he said to Billy, in the dark corners of other people's houses, begging him for everything that Billy would give him. He wanted his teeth, his strong fingers, his cruelty that made Steve beg extra hard, the shameful arousal that settled low in his stomach when he uttered the word 'daddy' because he knew how it excited Billy to see him debase himself like that.

Suddenly Nancy's face appeared through the fog like the beam of light from a lighthouse in a storm, he moved towards her and when she spotted him she smiled until she saw him stumble a little.

"Steve."

She spoke to him as a mother would, slightly disappointed but optimistic that he'd eventually learn his lesson. He looked back at her with his best puppy dog eyes hoping that she would forgive him this one last time and take him home, his skin was starting to feel too tight and he had no energy left to engage with other people.

"You need to stop drinking so much, you know you're going to have a terrible hangover tomorrow."

"I know Nance but can we please just go, I'm tired."

She studied him carefully for a moment, her eyes searching his face until he feared that she could see exactly what had transpired upstairs in his eyes. His face heated once more as he imagined her horror at what he'd reduced himself to so that Billy Hargrove would touch him.

At one point in his life, he'd been the desired one, girl's like Betty and even Nancy had looked at him as someone they wanted, he was considered good looking, funny and popular but now he was nothing, he had no prospects and he'd been reduced to begging the boy who bullied him at school to fuck him and he'd come to crave his touch so badly that he drunk himself into a stupor so that he could look at himself in a few days.

Billy Hargrove had a reputation, everyone at Hawkins High knew it. The first time he'd touched Steve he had been scared, confused it felt

like a trick but it kept happening even if it held an edge of cruelty until Billy fucked him in a cramped pantry at Susan Carter's house.

Even though his heart was hammering in his chest and it had been a little painful at first, it had been exciting too but he believed at the time that it would be a one-time thing. Then it had happened again and again until anytime he went to a party now his anticipation for when Billy would finally snarl at him, that familiar heat in his eyes felt like ravenous butterflies in his stomach.

“Let’s go, I’ll drive you home.”

He smiled gratefully at her, thankful that Nancy didn't enjoy drinking and at every party, they attended she was designated driver. They walked briskly towards the door but just as they walked through Steve’s arm was grabbed from behind and in his drunken state he held little resistance as he was pulled back onto a warm solid chest, Billy's musky cologne invaded his senses as his hot breath on his ear made him shiver.

“Sweet dreams Princess.”

The next morning as he lay on his bed desperately trying to keep a little food in his stomach so that the painkillers he'd taken could stop the pounding in his head he swore he'd never drink again. By the time Monday rolled around his hangover was fresh enough in his memory that the very thought of vodka made his stomach flip but far enough away that he felt human again.

He jumped in the shower but when it came time to get dressed he had a problem, Billy had sucked a deep bruise high up on his neck. This wasn't the first time and he often wondered why he did it, was it just to add to Steve's humiliation because now he had to figure out a way to hide it. He picked a shirt that he could pop the collar on, it would make him look like a bit of a dick but nobody was paying him any attention anyway.

That morning he was standing by his locker when Nancy appeared and started making fun of him for his shirt and having her notice how stupid it was made him feel good, at least someone cared about him.

He decided to skip basketball practice, it wasn't the first time he'd had to due to Billy and it probably wasn't going to be the last but there was no way to hide the deep purple bruise on his throat, if someone looked close enough they would be able to see the outline of Billy's teeth. He knew that Billy would catch his eye, Steve would blush then Billy's eyes would light up in that way that always spelt trouble for him.

While he waited for the bruise to fade enough that he could wear normal clothes he couldn't help thinking about this whole thing with Billy, why did it start? Why was it still happening? He knew that when it all started he felt so out of control, Billy was like a bulldozer and the way he touched Steve was so tantalising, they were always secluded in a secret corner or a room but at any moment someone could find them and see just how eager Steve was, how easy it was for Billy to reduce him to a desperate needy mess.

He didn't want to admit it but in the beginning, Billy always seemed to wait until he was drunk to accost him, then when Steve attended parties he decided that he needed a little liquid courage to prepare him for Billy. Now he knew that he needed the drink because he was waiting for the inevitable time when Billy fucked him and walked from the room never to glance his way again. Eventually, he would grow bored with the illicit nature of their hooks ups, why fuck Steve in the dark when he could have anyone he wanted, some girls from Hawkins would probably let him do a lot of things in public if he wanted them to.

Thinking about the whole situation eventually overtook his mind until he couldn't think about anything else. He wished more than anything that he had someone to talk to, just to take a little of the burden from his mind. Every time he saw Nancy that week it was on the tip of his tongue but then he thought about her horrified eyes when she learned what he'd been getting up to at parties while she was innocently dancing to music and it turned to ash in his mouth.

Finally, the bruise faded to a sickly yellow and he felt safe enough to return to practice, as usual, the coach was pissed at him but he just promised to do better. He wasn't there five minutes when he felt someone at his back and he didn't need to turn to know it was Billy.

“Finally decided to show up Princess.”

Steve tried to ignore him and just concentrate on the game but Billy was persistent as usual, a familiar weight upon his back, the hotness of his skin seeping into Steve and his breath humid and harsh on his ear.

“Need a little time to recover from the weekend?”

Steve bit his lip as images from the weekend bombarded his mind, Billy's condescending voice making pleasure settle low and molten in his stomach, ‘C'mon baby, be a good girl for daddy,’ causing him to moan loudly like the pathetic little slut he'd become for every demeaning thing Billy said to him. He shivered slightly feeling Billy's fingers flutter across the bare skin of his hip as he sighed softly against his neck. Steve faltered and Billy knocked the ball out of his hand brushing past him with so much force that Steve stumbled as he watched Billy effortlessly score a basket, his beating heart drowning out the cries of victory from Billy's team. Billy turned towards him, the fire in his eyes burning Steve up as he stalked towards him.

He leaned close, his voice a harsh whisper.

“I'm gonna fucking wreck you, Pretty Boy...”

Steve could feel his heart in his throat as he quickly glanced around him to see if anyone was paying attention but at the moment the ball was at the other end of the court so nobody was looking their way. He also knew deep down that anyone who did hear Billy would just chalk it up to him intimidating Steve as they were school rivals. He looked back at Billy who licked his lips at him as he came a little closer, only they knew the real meaning behind that particular threat but the fire in his eyes made the butterflies erupt in his stomach once more.

He stretched out on the couch on Friday night checking the time, it was seven-thirty and he was bored out of his mind. Nancy had told him about a party at Betty's that Saturday and asked cautiously if he wanted to go. He'd told her that he was thinking about having a quiet weekend, just hanging out in the house but now the silence in his house was oppressive. It felt like he'd broken into a museum, one that held the priceless artefacts that nobody ever came to see.

His mind wandered to Billy, he could feel him up against his back, his harsh whispers in his ear during practice and he felt his head swim. He knew if he attended a party that weekend it was inevitable that Billy would show up, he would end up drunk and before he knew it he'd be secreted away in a dark corner of Betty's house begging Billy for his dick.

How much longer was he going to play this game? Until Billy grew bored? Until they inevitably got caught? He sat and thought about it until his head hurt and he realised that he was sitting in the dark. The time had just gone nine-fifteen. He went to bed exhausted and with no solution in sight.

The next morning he finally had an epiphany when he was brushing his teeth, he only wanted Billy because he was drunk, the sex was probably ok but he'd let the drink cloud his mind until he thought that it was something special. So to prove to himself that this was the case he was going to attend a party stone-cold sober for the first time in a long time. He got dressed and went downstairs to phone Nancy to tell her they were attending the party at Betty's after all.

He didn't know why but he still brought drinks with him, it felt like a security blanket as he felt like people would be confused if he wasn't drinking. Nancy glared at him when she saw the two bottles of vodka then it softened as she begged him not to drink too much. He

promised he wouldn't.

He started the night with a glass of vodka that he took a few small sips from then he discreetly poured it into a house plant hoping it didn't kill it. After that, he offered to get drinks for them, for Nancy she'd brought coke and for him a secret second bottle of vodka that was just water.

After about an hour of drinking water and dancing with Nancy, he started to feel a little foolish, he hadn't even seen Billy at this point, conceivably one small vodka couldn't hurt. On his way to the kitchen, he bumped into someone and turned to apologise coming face to face with Tina's shocked brown eyes. He smiled down at her.

"Sorry I didn't see you there."

A soft blush broke out across her face as she stared intently at his face, he could almost see the cogs turning in her brain. He felt confused, he hadn't spoken to her in a while, had he ever had a conversation with her? They'd run in similar circles at one point as she was one of Carol's friends but her reaction to him now didn't make any sense.

"You ok?"

He was starting to wonder if maybe she'd taken something as her eyes got bigger and the flush on her face deepened. He moved a little closer to her concerned that something wasn't right but just as his hand reached out to touch her shoulder someone knocked into his side making him drop his little plastic cup spilling the end of his water on the floor. He turned around to see who it was and found Billy smirking at him from a few feet away, Steve could see that familiar intensity to his eyes making him feel warm all over but he forced himself to look away.

When he did he noticed that Tina was looking between them with rapt attention, there was something about the scrutiny in her eyes that made his stomach slowly sink. He ran to the kitchen grabbing a coke for Nancy then he reached for his real vodka but just as he picked the bottle up he hesitated. He'd come this far, he just had to prove to himself that it was just the drink, he could do this. He

poured himself refreshing water and headed back to Nancy.

An hour later Jonathan had finally turned up to the party to Nancy's delight and Steve started to feel like a third wheel. They were dancing close to each other but with enough distance that you could comfortably fit another person, their eyes staring longingly at each other and he knew they were trying not to make him feel uncomfortable but it was having the opposite effect. He leaned over to tell Nancy that he was going to get some air then he disappeared out the back.

It was cooler outside, the music was muffled once the door closed and he walked past the two people sharing a smoke in comfortable silence and leaned against the cool wall. He took a large gulp of his water and rested his head back against the wall.

So far being sober at this party hadn't been a wonderful experience, he was more acutely aware of his insecurities, he knew he was more self-conscious when dancing or interacting with someone. The drink had always softened the edges of that since he'd lost the respect of everyone and become a loser, he could still feel a little like his old self and if he fucked up he barely noticed through the alcohol haze that clouded his mind and protected him from those negative thoughts.

He had just resolved to go home, this had been a stupid idea when he was grabbed by the arm and pulled around the corner to the side of the house where the moonlight barely reached. He felt a warm solid body pin him more securely onto the cold wall than Billy's condescending whisper.

"Hello, Princess."

He didn't have time to react before Billy leaned forward and captured his lips in a harsh kiss. He froze as his mind ended up trapped in a feedback loop of indecision, he wasn't sure how to kiss Billy, what did he normally do? He tried to remember but he couldn't remember anything specific just how it made him feel. As he remained frozen he

could feel Billy's frustration being poured into the kiss then he felt his teeth bite down roughly on his bottom lip and for some reason, his brain translated that as pleasure so he whimpered and Billy deepened the kiss.

Soon he was completely caught up in the kiss, Billy ran his fingers up into Steve's hair pulling his head back slightly and he melted against the wall. Everything he did felt so good, then he kissed his way over to Steve's neck licking over the spot where he'd left his teeth marks only a week ago. As he scraped his teeth over that same spot Steve moaned, his head swimming.

"There's an empty room upstairs.....there's a bed...whaddya say, Sweetheart..."

Billy's tongue and teeth on his skin were making it hard to concentrate, he tried to visualise the word 'no' he just had to think of it and it would form on his tongue. That was the whole point of remaining sober so that he could finally put an end to this whole charade. Yet he couldn't do it, his body had become hardwired to Billy's touch, all he could do was moan as he felt Billy smile against his throat.

"Ok Pretty Boy, you go now and wait for me by the top of the stairs...I'll follow you in a couple of minutes..."

Billy then moved back up and captured his lips again in a slightly frantic kiss before he pulled back leaving Steve gasping. Billy kept him pinned to the wall for another moment, his intense stare making Steve want to squirm before he pulled back and moved into the shadows. Steve took a shaky breath then walked into the house and up the stairs. With each step he felt his legs getting a little less steady as those fierce butterflies returned, fluttering throughout his stomach and making him feel uneasy.

He felt as though he'd only just reached the top of the stairs when he felt a strong hand wrap around his arm and pull him towards a room at the end of the hall. He started to feel a little faint, was he going to do this? Sober?

Billy tugged him through the door slamming him up against it on the

other side encasing them in darkness. He felt Billy's lips on his once more and he let himself get lost in the kiss, Billy knew what he was doing and a part of him just wanted to stay here against the door for a while.

Billy kissed him until his mind was hazy, he could feel himself shuddering when he squeezed his hips or pushed himself a little closer to him. He felt so warm and a little crazy, everything felt so new but also so familiar. Billy moved over to his throat, licking up to behind his ear before he pulled his ear lobe into his mouth biting down on it and laughing softly into his ear when he moaned.

“You gonna be a good girl for me Princess?”

The cruel whisper against his sensitive flesh made his head spin even more, did he always feel this way? He couldn't think of any experience that he'd had that came close to this, every girl he'd ever been with had let him lead, had looked at him with adoration at least when he'd been popular, had something they wanted.

They'd constantly praise him, he knew he liked that, he wanted to be liked and told he was incredible, a little gold star for his self-esteem. He needed it, especially when there were no gold stars in his house, just his parent's expensive things and the heavy silence that echoed in the empty spaces. He had once filled it with other people, music, parties, anything so he wasn't alone but now he was. He'd managed to become a practical pariah when he'd tried to be a better person but all he'd achieved was loneliness.

He still had Nancy and by extension Jonathan but he could feel the tension thick in the air when they wanted to get closer but possibly due to guilt held back. They probably thought he was pathetic, that they had to protect him from their happiness. What would they think if they saw him now? On the verge of begging Billy Hargrove for more, just because he was a good kisser and his body had come to crave his teeth and cruel words. Billy's teeth in his neck broke through the turmoil in his mind and he whimpered out his name.

“B...B-Billy...”

“Fuck Pretty Boy, all the things I'm gonna do to you...you'll be

squirming so hard next week, and I'm gonna sit back and enjoy the show because only me and you will know it's because you'll still be feeling the ghost of my cock inside you...isn't that right Baby?"

Steve thought his legs were going to collapse out from under him, he did know that feeling but he didn't think anyone noticed him squirming on the uncomfortable chairs in school and if they did they just thought he was bored. Now he could see Billy sitting behind him in English watching every move he made with rapt attention. Would Billy be thinking back to the weekend, how it felt when he finally pushed his cock into Steve?

He leaned forward and kissed Billy on the lips, he needed to feel him close for a minute before his brain combusted based on that image. Billy froze for a second when Steve initiated the kiss but seemed to relax into it again taking over by pinning him back against the door.

Billy then pulled him away from the door and into the darkness of the room until his shins hit something soft and Billy pushed him, he cried out but it was muffled when he landed face down on a soft springy bed. He felt Billy's warm body crawl over him and then he was pulled up properly on the bed until the back of his head hit a soft cool pillow.

Billy moved back to his neck again sucking on his skin so hard that he knew he was going to have another purple bruise to contend with on Monday morning. He felt Billy pull away from his throat a little then he grunted slightly and then there was a loud crash. Steve jumped.

"What the fuck was that?"

"The lamp."

"Oh."

Billy took a deep breath then resumed sucking on Steve's skin.

"Guess I'll just have to map out your body from memory Sweetheart..."

Steve felt his face flush as he realised that for the past several

months, they had been meeting like this almost every weekend like clockwork and even though the details were a little vague to him they weren't to Billy. He wondered for the first time if Billy was completely sober every time they'd done this, there had always been a small but vocal part of him that assumed that Billy was drunk too.

Billy started to fumble with his clothes, struggling a little to get Steve's shirt off in the dark so he reached down and started to help him with the buttons, he couldn't discern Billy's face in the darkness but he felt the slight uncertainty in his fingers when Steve started to help. Billy ran his hands down to his jeans, he had no problem undoing those then pulling them as well as his socks and shoes off. Lying on the bed in his underwear as he felt Billy shuffling out of his clothes Steve was glad that the light was broken.

When Billy lay atop him once more he was shocked at how hot and soft his skin was, he couldn't help running his hands down his back feeling all the hard muscle flexing under his fingers. Billy stayed still while he explored his back but once his fingers caressed over his hips something within him awoke and he started biting his way down Steve's body. Steve could barely breathe as he seemed to know the exact spots that made it difficult for him to catch his breath, little sparks of pleasure lighting up his spine.

"That feel good, Baby?"

"Y...y-yes..."

When he reached his hips he sunk his teeth in a little harder, the feeling of his teeth so deep in his hip he could feel it in his bones, it went straight to Steve's cock and he started to writhe slightly on the bed. He wanted more for Billy to bite down so hard that he bruised the bone but it also felt so overwhelming that he wanted to get away too.

"Billy...oh God Billy, please..."

He felt Billy's teeth smile against the flesh of his hip before he moved a little further down, his fingers digging deep into his thighs as he pulled them open. Then he leaned down and licked over the flesh of his inner thigh, Steve whimpered, it was too much a tickly tingly

pleasure that clouded his mind. Billy then introduced his teeth, sucking the skin into his mouth where he held it in his teeth, biting down until Steve cried out.

“You want an audience, Princess? Want everyone from the party to come up and see what a bad girl you're being...is daddy gonna have to gag you?”

Steve bit down on his lip as he writhed against Billy's mean mouth, what would happen if someone found them? It would be the worst thing that could happen to Steve in regards to his reputation, he wondered if Billy would be able to weather the storm? Everyone already knew his reputation around Hawkins, would they just think Steve was a pity fuck? Was he?

For the first time, he wanted to ask Billy why he does this? He knows he can have anyone, why waste his time on Steve? Maybe the first time it was a power thing or to prove that he could get Steve but now? He could feel the question weighing heavily on his tongue but he was too afraid to know the answer so he let it rest there.

Billy pulled his underwear off giving his ass a light slap to get him to raise his hips. Then he spread his legs a little further apart until Steve could feel his muscles straining then he slid his hands down using his thumbs to spread his ass wide. Steve squirmed when he felt his hot breath.

“Fuck Pretty Boy, I wish that fucking light wasn't broken now guess I'll just have to feel my way...”

Billy ran his finger from just below his balls down, he whimpered when it passed over his hole as it fluttered and he felt Billy's groan against his skin as he pushed against it a little harder.

“There's that greedy little hole...time to get it nice and wet right Sweetheart?”

Steve shivered when he felt Billy's warm wet tongue lick over his hole, they started as little kitten licks but quickly progressed to his tongue wiggling against him until he could feel himself opening up and his tongue pushing inside. It was a slightly strange sensation but

he felt the pleasure radiating out through his body, making his breath catch and his head swim. Then he felt Billy pushing in a slippery finger alongside his tongue, it was unyielding and the stretch made him whine with how much more he wanted.

“Billy...”

Billy pulled his finger out and then slowly pushed in two making Steve choke on his next breath, the fullness making him push back on his fingers a little chasing the little spark of pleasure it gave him. He felt Billy laugh against his thigh.

“So needy tonight Princess... Don't worry daddy knows just what you need...”

Steve could feel himself starting to crack as Billy continued to drive him insane with his fingers, the lack of alcohol loosening his tongue seemed to frustrate Billy and he was pushing him harder to get him to beg but he didn't know what he would usually say. He could hear his voice begging in his head but he couldn't decipher the words and he felt self-conscious but he wanted more.

“Use your words, Sweetheart.”

Steve opened his mouth but no sound came out when Billy pushed in three fingers and the fullness turned his mind to mush as the pleasure fogged over his senses. He could feel his body start to clamp down on Billy's fingers as the pleasure started to become overwhelming but then to his disappointment Billy held his fingers still.

“Billy...please...please...”

“You need to tell daddy what you need...”

Steve groaned.

Billy started to slowly lick over the indents he'd left in his thigh, it felt good but not enough and he could feel himself growing frustrated. He knew what Billy wanted but could he say it while sober?

Billy started to bite down softly on his thigh again as he moved his

fingers and Steve felt his body come alive again but he knew that Billy would keep him on the edge until he got what he wanted so he swallowed his pride.

“Daddy...daddy please I need you...”

He moaned when Billy bit down a little harder then removed his fingers and slithered his way back up Steve’s body to pull him into a harsh kiss. He felt his hard cock pushing up against him and he whimpered into Billy's mouth when he felt the slow slide of it inside him.

“You feel so good, Princess...”

Billy started a steady rhythm and Steve got lost in how good it felt, he always had hazy memories of this experience but feeling it now was incredible, he could have been feeling this the whole time and he wished he thought of this plan sooner.

Billy moved back to his neck to suck on the same spot from before as Steve devolved into a moaning mess, he felt so good, he never wanted him to stop.

“Fuck...Billy...”

Billy pulled him into another brutal kiss as he increased his pace, swallowing Steve’s moans as the pleasure settled at the base of his spine and made his mind go completely blank. He could feel his body fluttering around Billy as he wrapped himself more securely around him, the pleasure becoming overwhelming until he couldn't take it anymore and he came in between them feeling Billy groan into his mouth as he gave a few harsh thrusts then collapsed on top of him.

Steve felt like his head was filled with soft fluffy clouds as he floated in space for a short while, everything felt like it was moving in slow motion. Then he slowly returned to his body feeling Billy's soft lips leaving gentle kisses along his throat and face. He felt a little shock under his skin, Billy Hargrove being gentle, that was the last thing he expected. He could hear his low whispers into his skin.

“You’re so beautiful...so good...all mine...”

“Billy?”

“Back with me Baby?”

He started to kiss his way back towards Steve’s mouth but before he reached him Steve gathered his courage to ask the question he desperately wanted to know the answer to.

“Why do we do this?”

Billy paused and Steve grew fearful that he had broken their arrangement, made things too real even though he could still feel Billy cock inside him as it slowly softened and the darkness allowed them a little blanket of secrecy.

“Because we want to.”

Steve felt a little warmth settle low in his stomach, Billy wanted to be with him, maybe it was more than just a quick hook up when he was drunk or at least it could be.

Billy pulled him into an indulgent kiss and Steve got lost in the gentle stroking he could feel near his hip.

He lay in bed all Sunday, running his fingers over the marks that Billy had left in his skin, enjoying the little ache every time he moved and feeling breathless when he remembered the fire in his eyes or the things he’d said. Then he would feel giddy when he remembered his hungry kisses and that Billy was doing this because he wanted to. He couldn't believe he’d wasted so many Sunday's feeling hungover and miserable when he could have been basking in the afterglow all this time.

When Monday morning came around he didn't pick a shirt with a high collar, he let the bruise be fully visible, it was a stark, deep purple against his pale skin and there was no mistaking how it got

there. As he walked the halls of Hawkins High he could see some people stop and take notice of it and he could feel his face heat even though he knew that everyone would assume that a girl had done it. He knew different and his mind had no problem supplying him with the memory of Billy's sharp teeth and wicked tongue.

Nancy had just shaken her head at him but she seemed a little happy that he was moving on although she gave a little shocked laugh when she looked more closely at it asking him if he'd been with a vampire. Steve laughed, that wasn't too far away from how Billy acted then he looked up sharply when he realised that someone was watching him only to see Billy only a short distance away with a hungry heat burning in his eyes.

He couldn't look away, his skin tingling as memories from Saturday flashed through his mind. Had Billy ever looked at him this way outside of the times that they hooked up? He felt as though all the air was being slowly squeezed out of his lungs as he could feel his heart beating in his head. What would Billy do if he approached him right now?

Nancy hit his arm and he looked away from Billy and back to her, she glanced down the hall and then back at his face, she watched him closely for a moment and then her eyes softened before she tugged on his arm, it was time for English.

He couldn't get Billy's stare out of his head for the rest of the week, especially because now that he'd noticed it he couldn't unsee it. Every time they were in the same vicinity he could feel his skin tingle and he knew that it was Billy's gaze heavy on his skin.

Billy didn't change at practice time either especially at the beginning of the week when his mark on Steve's throat was still so visible, it seemed to fuel some deep hunger within him, his breath hot and heavy caressed over the indents of his teeth as he ground against Steve leaving more bruises on his hips and back. He felt as though he were being driven out of his mind, trying desperately to act as though he weren't affected even though he couldn't think about anything else all week. Squirming every time his memories came too close to the surface.

Finally, after practice on Friday, he was finishing up getting ready, his mind was completely in a haze. The butterflies were back with a vengeance, his tongue felt too big and his legs were turning to jelly. Billy had been especially vicious today, knocking him to the ground on three separate occasions, he could feel how knotted the muscles on his back were from tensing every time Billy slammed into him and the fire in his eyes that turned Steve into a deer in headlights due to their intensity.

He tried to gather his courage as he looked across the locker room towards Billy, there was only the two of them and Ryan left. Steve began to slow down taking extra time with his hair that he didn't need while he waited for Ryan to leave. When he heard him say goodbye on his way past he breathed a small sigh of relief but now he had to deal with Billy, if this backfired he was going to have to move to another town and change his name.

He looked up and found Billy already watching him, once they made eye contact he licked over his bottom lip and smirked at him. Steve bit down on his lip and slowly walked over towards him.

“Need something Princess?”

Steve took a deep breath.

“Yeah, I was wondering if you were free later.”

“Why are you feeling lonely in your daddy's big house all by yourself?”

Steve felt a heat settle low in his stomach, he'd never heard Billy say daddy out in the open, in the daylight but it still felt illicit, dirty like he'd just growled it in his ear as he pushed his cock into him.

“Yeah, why are you busy?”

Billy studied him carefully for a minute.

“Why would I want to go hang out with you?”

“Because you want to...”

Billy's stare grew more intense and then a small satisfied smirk appeared at his lips. He picked up his jacket and walked towards Steve whispering hotly against his ear.

“You need daddy to come over and keep you company?”

Steve licked his lips slowly.

“Yes daddy, I'm so lonely up in that big house, imagine all the ways we could pass the time”

Billy's stare became even hungrier before he leaned closer, his breath humid on Steve's neck before he sucked his skin into his mouth and bit down with his sharp teeth. Steve whined low in his throat as Billy pulled him close to his body. Then he growled into his skin.

“Anything for my Princess.”

Steve could feel the butterflies in his stomach devolve into chaos and he wrapped his arms around Billy giddy with the knowledge that he'd made the right decision when he felt Billy's fingers trembling as they ran across his back.